

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA

Volume VII, Number II

WEEKLY

October 23, 1958

HISTORY IS MADE

Ronald Kelly

History is being made! Ambassador initiative continues to drive forward! Never before in 6000 years — perhaps never again. One BIG opportunity. It's *free!* No admission — no entrance fee — no nothing (monetarily).

For the first time in the known history of mankind a dance is being held especially *for those who don't know how to dance* (that means we don't have to stay home just because we never had opportunity to learn).

Have you ever heard of such a thing before? No! Never!

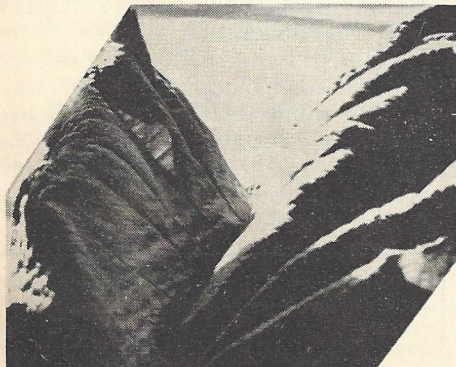
Yes, this will be the most exciting thing that has happened in centuries.

Special feature of the evening will be Mrs. Harold Wells, a qualified dance instructor, who will be there to help us learn the proper way to dance.

This instruction is *absolutely free*. Mrs. Wells has graciously given of her time in order to help us. This is a chance of a lifetime. You can't afford to pass it up. Life would be miserable without it.

Come! *Bring a date!* Thursday, October 23, 1958, 8:00 - 12:00 p.m.

Remember, free admission! Free refreshments! **FREE DANCE INSTRUCTION!** Opportunity knocks!



TRAVELERS: CAN YOU NAME THIS?

(FOR ANSWER SEE PAGE SIX COLUMN THREE)

ALREADY OUTGROWN

Four thousand of God's people sat comfortably in the largest building without interior supports in all of East Texas. Comfortable this year, but with all evidence the same will not be true even one year from now.

Additions are already being planned to be added before the Feast of Tabernacles next Fall. Already 250 feet long and 120 feet wide, this massive building will be half again as long next year. Three hundred and 75 feet long. And still not a post in it.

God's church is growing at a rapid pace. Next year we may easily have over 5,500 people — maybe even more.

To compensate for this growth tentative plans are to lengthen the building by 125 feet. Mr. Roy Hammer came through with the solution to the problem. If we build on the end of the building, we can then add on to the cost we now owe the cost of the new building. Since the old building will not be paid for until the Feast next year, we will be *using* the new part of the building *before* we even start to pay for it.

Also the stage will be moved down to the center of the building and will be set back into the wall so that the choir loft will be back, and the speaker will also be back, allowing more seating space in the front.

NEW PORTFOLIO POLICY

WEEKLY! Yes, that's **right** — **WEEKLY!** **From now on** your ol' friend the **PORTFOLIO** will greet you **WEEKLY!** How about that, huh? Do you know what this means? Let us spell it out for you —: instead of receiving once every two or three weeks page after page of dry, moldy, stale, insipid, warmed-over news? () of things already hashed and rehashed in Forum, Assembly, Bible Study, and Sabbath Services, and which are by then history, you **now** receive **piping hot** news flashes and news scoops that really are genuine, honest-to-goodness, authentic **NEWS** to you. Add to this the **poping hot** on-the-spot photo flashes of our new **PORTFOLIO POLAROID LAND CAMERA** and **WOW!** ("Wow" is U.S. slang meaning you have "a striking success.")

Other **lesser** schools, recognizing the magnitude of this announcement would call a school holiday — but **not** Ambassador College. No, sirree! We will celebrate by plunging ahead, by **MAKING** news, by **enjoying** (not desisting from) our vibrant, pulsating college life.

This **NEW POLICY** means that daring **NEW PORTFOLIO** innovations can now be incorporated in forthcoming issues. Vast resources of previously dormant idea fields can be tapped. There is a bigger market for **YOUR** contributions. And what's more, instead of straining your finite ear mechanism while a professor strains his finite vocal cords to make an imperative announcement at a student conclave, you can now **read** and digest many of these announcements as the **PORTFOLIO** feeds them to you in a tasty, easily accessible package under an apropos heading. You, as students, may also make announcements thru this effective medium: meetings, lost and found, sell-buy-rent, . . . you name it. Submit your desire to any staff member: preferably **by Sunday** each week.

Immediately after Thursday's assembly each week you may all stampede to one of three locations for your priceless copy of the **PORTFOLIO**. Newsstands will be set up on the Library porch, at the Mayfair entrance, and the Ambassador Hall lobby.

See you next week,

The **PORTFOLIO**.

The Portfolio Staff

Faculty Advisor
Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong

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Richard L. Hopkins

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Kelly Barfield
Albert J. Portune
Ronald Kelly

Reporters
Merle Boyes Robert Hoops
Judy Brines Dirk Hudson
Ray Dick Sherwin McMichael
Molly Hammer Kenneth E. Register
Dr. C. C. Zimmerman

Note: This editorial appeared in the Big Sandy Hawkins Journal of October 9, 1958. It is being reprinted just as it appeared there.

There is a title to a very popular song called "Ya'll Come And See Us When You Can" that might apply to the fine people who were in attendance at the Radio Church of God annual Festival of the Tabernacle that ended last Monday.

The people who came were fine, God-fearing folk who traveled from all parts of our nation and from Canada, Germany and England to participate in this eventful religious gathering and we humbly feel that the steady hand of Almighty God directed them to our midst and will guide them to their respective homes in safety.

Why do we feel this way? Because, theirs is a deep sincere faith in God and the teachings of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. The fact that some traveled hundreds, even thousands of miles to attend this festival is proof of their undying fidelity to the belief.

May we give you this little example of their faith: One day the writer of this editorial noticed a dent in the fender of his car. It was not a bad dent. In fact it was barely noticeable. Yours Truly just shook his head and said to himself, "I will never know who did this. Someone was turning his car around and accidentally hit mine." How mistaken this writer was, for the next day (it was Sunday) he noticed a young man standing by Yours Truly's car as if he had been waiting for him to come out of the church and had been standing there for some time.

"Is this your car?" he inquired. He was told that it was.

"Well, I am the fellow who's car struck yours and I want to pay for the damage," he said. "I have been to every church lot in Big Sandy trying to find this car and meet the owner so I could do the right thing." This writer told the young man the damages were negligible and there

was no need for reimbursement.

The point is this: How many times have you parked your car and later noticed a dent in the fender? And, how many times has a party doing the damage looked high and low to locate you and pay the damages he caused?

The young man, in this case, was a member of the Radio Church of God and his earnest desire to "do the right thing" as God has directed us to do was so overwhelming that he left no stone unturned.

This young man is just an example of the type of good people who visit in our area each year and we are mighty proud to have them with us. Let us say again. "We are glad to have you — Ya'll come to see us when you can."

THE POPE IS DEAD

He was the leader of 500 million people. These people are steeped in time honored traditions and ceremonial, bombastic rituals. Pope Pius held the title of the Pope of Peace. Where was peace during the 19 years of his pontificate?

And so, written in a dead language, is the obituary of a dead man who cherished a dead faith.

RELIEF FOR THE APES

The discovery of the headless skelton of a pre-man found 600 feet down in an Italian coal mine may force anthropologists to revise their thinking. A Swiss scientist, Dr. Johannes Hurseler, said that the discovery of the skeleton pushes the beginning of man back at least 11,000,000 years ago. Furthermore, he explains that man and the apes moved up the scale together, and that man did not evolve from an ape.

This will be good news for the ape family. Ever since Darwin's day the apes have been blamed for being responsible for today's degenerate humans in charge of this chaotic world.

Gas Company Bares New Laughing Gas

In the midst of pamphlet-in-hand Ambassadors, expecting an hour of "long haired lugubriousness," an explosive laughing gas bomb erupted in the form of one John Baird. Mr. Baird, Gas Company's many titled "front man" for *Evening Concert*, heard on radio nightly, kept the assembly rollicking and tittering through narratives of fusillades in the philodendrons and rose buds among the sweat-shirts. Mr. Baird blew a fresh zephyr through the dusty corridors of classical music that should keep the dust from settling for quite some time. Good show Carl! We need more of the same.

LIFE GIVING RAIN!

By Kelly Barfield

Going back about two years we find Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Trull sitting on the back porch of their small farm house. They were earnestly discussing the problem that faced them.

For many days now the sun had been sending its wonderful rays of warmth to the earth. But in this particular part of the United States there had been no rain coupled with the warmth.

Their truck crops were slowly dying as the days went by. As they were talking, they noticed that beautiful fluffy white clouds were beginning to flow in from the north. Slowly the smaller clouds began to form larger ones — the magnificent pattern of God's handwork in the sky.

Slowly Dad and Mom walked into the house and knelt before the throne of grace and prayed a believing prayer. No sooner had they finished praying that a rumbling, earth shaking clap of thunder announced the answer. The rain began!

COULD THIS BE MY ROOM?

By Merle Boyes

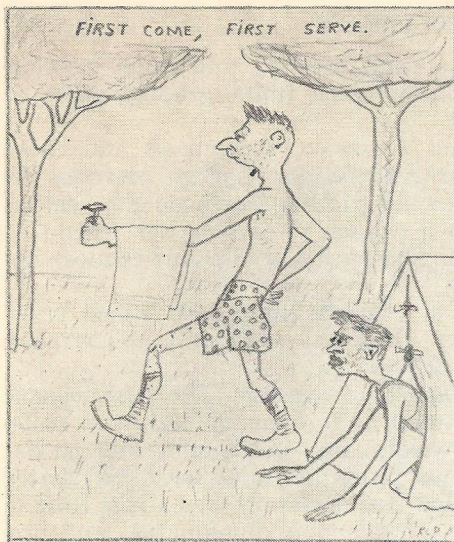
This summer I was introduced to a man who lives in Oregon.

We arrived at his one-car-garage-apartment, recently converted into two rooms, located in a back alley. He had just risen and therefore his bed was an untidy mess. He could not offer us chairs as they were piled high with clothing. Some of us sat on the bed. The floor was also littered with clothing.

His dresser drawers were so crammed with clothing that they remained open six inches. Magazines, papers, and an occasional *Plain Truth* or *Good News* littered the top of his dresser. On top of the papers were two large radio batteries the size of a typewriter. Surmounting all this was a battery radio with which he listened to the World Tomorrow broadcast.

I left this man's house with a vivid remembrance of the fruits of slothful living: littered dressers, unkept beds, black windows, torn curtains, moldy clothes, dusty floors, a garbage cluttered stove, and an army of ants. I promised myself never again to complain about cleaning my room.

Oh well, even if you do stay home from the dance, you won't be able to study and concentrate amid the tomb-like silence of the vacant, deserted, abandoned, and forsaken dormitory.



EIGHT FULL DAYS

Mr. Ray Dick

Sunday, September 28 was a day of feverish activity at the grounds of the Radio Church of God near Glade-water, Texas.

Cars from all over the United States and Canada passed through the registration stand. The camping area was a conglomeration of various styles of tents in various stages of erection.

Carpenters, electricians, sweepers, and general handymen were everywhere. The public address system and the intercommunication lines were the nerve centers of this mad turmoil. Everyone was trying to get ready for the Sabbath, and the most urgent item was the new Tabernacle itself.

It was a race to the very end. Late in the afternoon the activities finally stopped. The answer to the question many had been asking was affirmative. The Tabernacle was ready to be used.

Darkness settled over the East Texas woods to begin God's sixth annual Sabbath. The lights flooded the giant auditorium of the new, aluminized steel building. People filed in and took their seats. There was a low-pitched rumble of many voices filling the air, then a sudden wave of excitement.

One old lady nudged her companion and excitedly pointed to the front. "That's Mr. Armstrong, fer ah've seen his picture in the *Plain Truth*."

Moments later, eight wonderful days of inspired teaching and priceless fellowship began.

There was sunshine and heat, rain and mud. Sometimes there were more diners than food. The kitchen staff worked under adverse condi-

13,000 TO NOTHING

By C. C. Zimmerman

The Ambassador "Readers" won the match!

When the mail reading crew returned from the Festival they found a back-log of some 13,000 letters staring them in the eye. Thirteen thousand people, interested in knowing more of God's truth, were waiting to receive answers to their letters.

Here was a challenge which must be met. A deficit which had to be overcome. The readers went to work; if not with a vengeance, at least with purposeful vigor. The number displayed on the bulletin board began to shrink — 10,000 appeared, then 7, next 5, finally the figure 3,000 was left on the board. It was the morning of October 16 — just eight working days after the close of the Feast.

That still formidable number fell to *nothing* the very same day when it was discovered that a good part of it had already been read by the mail openers but had been inadvertently counted as unopened.

At the close of October 16 the consistent work of the mail reading department had produced its fruit. The readers were reading the current day's mail. Two large goose-eggs nestled when, once had stood 13,000.

* * *

(From *Presbyterian Life* magazine)

A six-year-old boy was going up to the top of the Empire State Building in New York with his father. As the elevator shot by the seventy-fifth floor, the boy asked his father, "Does God know we're coming?"

tions with inadequate facilities. Things were not always as one would wish. Shirts became soiled, and suits became wrinkled.

How did people take these little trials? The answer has not changed. When the emotion-filled strains of the final hymn drifted softly through the huge auditorium, many eyes were misty. It had been a wonderful Feast.

When it was over the first thoughts of many went ahead a year. Plans were already being made for the coming year. How to keep a little cleaner, whether to rent a trailer or live in a tent, whether to keep the family sedan or trade it in on a station wagon — these were the thoughts of many.

None but the God we worship would be cruel enough to command such a wonderful vacation and spiritual feast.

MONEY MADE

Talent displayed its worth at the 1958 Feast of Tabernacles. The annual talent show was presented with an overwhelming ovation and comment. As a result of the show, the 4000 strong congregation contributed an amazing sum of \$283 for the student fund.

The purpose of the fund is to provide entertainment for the students during the school year. This has been a record year. We have more students than ever before — and we took in more money than ever before. It only follows that this will be the greatest year ever at Ambassador College.

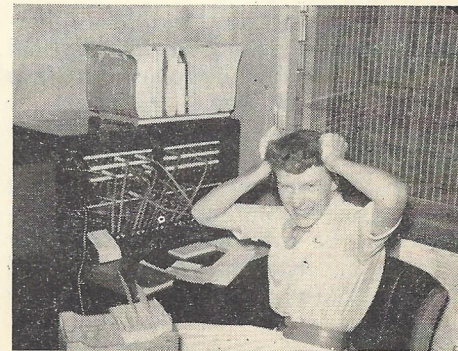
This money will go to help develop YOU! It is for your interests — to help you grow to be an effective instrument in God's work.

Plan to attend each and every function that is offered for your development. Let's be thankful we have people interested enough to contribute to our development. Take advantage! Don't let them down.

New Dial System for the College

Plans have been set in motion for a new dial system at Ambassador College. The installation should be completed by February 1959. Although this system is needed much sooner, the Telephone Co. has many orders ahead, and we must wait our turn.

The present system is operating at more than full capacity and one operator is no longer able to give the top efficient service that is required. The new system will be more efficient since the strain will not be on one operator. Each office will be given a directory of inter-office extensions thus enabling each person to dial his own numbers. On outside calls a dial tone will be reached by dialing the number 9. — This is progress at Ambassador.



DON'T MISS LONDON NEWS

Page Six



Petticoat Tete-a-tete

Hello. Welcome to *Petticoat Tete-a-tete*. This is your column. A Woman's column — designed expressly for woman talk. Here every week, we can share together helpful hints, mutual problems, valuable information, interviews, activities . . .

By the way, speaking of activities brings to mind one I can't resist commenting about: the Ambassador Women's Club! Let me tell you about it.

The first meeting will be October 28 — and of course you are ALL invited. This year's officers are: Molly Hammer, Lavonne Tangen, Shirley Engelbart, Judy Brines, Norma Dennis; Advisory Committee: Betty Michel and Shirley Nash.

Our club is the *female* counterpart of the men's Ambassador Club. So, naturally, it is as similar and *dis*-similar as are men and women. We will have planned topics especially pertinent to the interests and development of women. Our speeches are not given in the same formal speech manner as would the men because we are not preparing to speak in just the same way.

The club will pay dividends according to your investment — which means, as is true with any endeavor, you will get out of it just what you put into it (with a sizable bonus in this case). If you have a bit of Sarah Bernhardt in you perhaps you'd like to be a part of the skits that are periodically presented. Whatever your talent — or (as you may think) lack of talent — the Ambassador Woman's Club promises a lot of profitable fun for all.

Someone once told me that opportunity comes not just from physical circumstance and happenstance, but from God. I believe it. This is your opportunity so *don't miss a single meeting!*

I'll be writing you again next week, God willing, and in the meantime I'd be ever so happy to hear from you. Address your cards and letters to: Judy Brines, c/o Mayfair lettershelf.

Confidentially yours,

Judy Brines

THE STUPENDOUS MASS PROJECT

Reader, it is your privilege to peruse (and ponder) and mine to write (and wonder) of one of the most awesome projects finite, groping mankind has ever tackled.

Inimitable Mr. Herrmann, renowned professor, recognized and loved throughout the length and breadth of Ambassador College, defines the project thusly: "It is our purpose to put old Mother Earth on the scales." Now you know how difficult it is to get a woman to divulge her weight — well, old Mother Earth is no exception. She really *is* difficult! Almost impossible in fact . . .

Undaunted by the aggregate weight of overwhelming odds which cried, "It couldn't be done; it couldn't be done" (L & M) — Professor Herrmann and his hopeful prodigies proceeded as follows:

The initial move was to determine *how* to weigh her. The first feasible method of procedure it was concluded would be to turn the bathroom scales upsidedown and thereby ascertain her weight. But, no! That would be too, *too* simple! A more challenging operational procedure must needs be devised . . . Aha! — One such was found. All that was necessary was a vast fund of astronomical computational knowledge, a tremendous imagination and propensity for detached and you *might* say "logical" reasoning, and mental picture conjurability triggered by and supplemented with the Prof's chalk diagram artistry. Thus equipped she CAN be measured!

Computation of terrestrial data necessitates

Sorta sorry to disillusion you . . . but you *are* going to be disillusioned! I'm NOT going to explain *how* we weighed massive old Mother Earth — it's confusing, so why confuse you? Besides, if you weighed as much as old Mother Earth does, you wouldn't want everybody spouting-off and publicizing it, would you? Who wants to be a spectacle anyhow — why don't you love your neighbor as yourself, huh?

R. H.

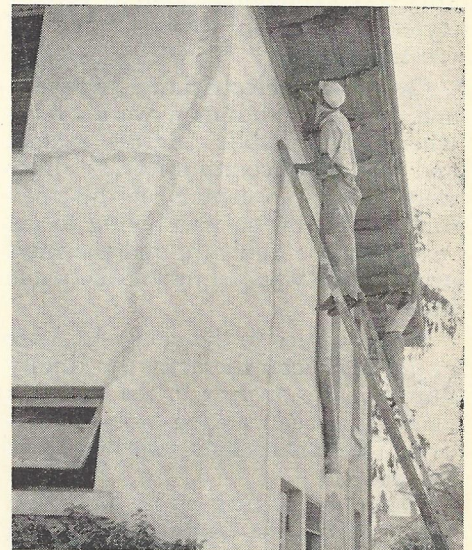
Another First!

But Marge, how do I know if it's a fossil? Never mind, Judy, keep digging, we've just begun . . . What an understatement!

Now, I will confess, I have always enjoyed learning new and different things. Many times I find myself in way over my head, however, and this was one of those times. I never thought I would see the day I'd find myself sprawled headfirst in a hole shoveling out dirt as fast as my grubby arms would move — let alone in 104 degrees of concentrated sunshine. I know now firsthand why Bakersfield is called just that.

There we were, pick in one hand, shovel in another and dust from head to toe. Hot? I felt more like a scorched potato than a human, but that unquenchable glint in our eyes would not be satisfied until from the depth of our hole we discovered — eureka we did — a fossil! And another, another, and another! Into the hole dived Margie; out came dirt. In fact she was so excited that the dirt came out all right — all over me.

Hours later we sunbaked ones trudged exhausted back on up the hill to the car, our pockets bulging with shark's teeth and old bones. It was the end of a hilarious day in the interest of science and a newborn fossil lover.



Face Lifting for Ad-Building

A. J. Portune

After very comprehensive *internal* re-arrangements and improvements, the Administration Building is now undergoing preparatory scrapings and scratchings which will result in a new *exterior* appearance. The occupants of the Administration Building, the other morning, thought that an invasion of external termites had suddenly beset the building, but upon closer scrutiny it was learned that a crew of zealous *Homo-sapiens ad scrapers* had undertook to prepare the epidermus for a new paint job. We must say this is good news indeed.

Some Do — Some Don't

By Ronald Kelly

Some cooks cook because they like to cook. Other cooks cook to eat their cooking. We cooks planned to eat our cooking. There it was. We could vision it all. Steaks, chops, roasts, stews, and just plain meat on the hoof.

Somehow, somewhere, someway deer had plagued the minds of four stealthy hunters. Days, weeks, months, and even years, had been passing by patiently waiting this opportunity. At last — visions were to become a reality.

We were really going to rough it — like real pioneers. First a camp stove (may not find enough wood), now a tent (it could get cold), next stainless steel cookware (might as well enjoy it all), then plastic plates (paper is no good), and finally \$40 worth of groceries (well, after all, we were going to be gone three days — and we might not get food right away). Like real woodsmen we set out.

Up the mountains, and down the mountains. Across the valley and back again. Over, through, around, down, in, between, on, and at every spot — logical or illogical — we looked and searched for anything with horns. But alas! Nothing!

Snow, that's what we needed, snow. However; beautiful, balmy, pleasant weather prevailed day after day. Of all things, deer, at least the kind we wanted, can't stand wonderful weather. They have to have snow, sleet, hail, rain, or some kind of terrible weather.

Oh well, all was not lost. Mr. Ted Armstrong now sports a trim mustache (no razors were allowed). Mr. Elliott has material for psychology class (the male of the species must be driven out of hiding). Mr. Wells can hide in house instead of facing public humility, and I can start my dream all over again.

Yes, some cooks cook because they like to cook. Other cooks cook because they must eat. Then some cooks *just don't cook.*

BROTHER'S KEEPER

A careful man I want to be,
A little fellow follows Me;
I do not dare to go astray,
For fear he'll go the selfsame way.
I can not once escape his eyes,
Whatever he sees me do, he tries;
Like me he says he's going to be,
The little chap who follows me.
He thinks that I am good and fine,
Believes in every word of mine;
The BASE in me he must not see,
The little chap that follows me.
I must remember as I go,
Thru summer sun and winter snow;
I'm building for the years to be.
The little chap follows me.

LIGHT IN THE NIGHT

By C. C. Zimmerman

The left fender of the car was sucking up the center line like an endless piece of spaghetti. The headlights reached out to pluck weird shapes out of the night only to examine them hurriedly and toss them disdainfully behind the car.

It was a warm night on the dessert and everything was running smoothly until the car began a listing twist. The driver pulled up, took his flashlight and walked around the car to find the rear outside tire doughily flattening.

He unlocked the rear deck as he called to his wife to come hold the light while the tire was being changed. She came and took the light. He began busily taking tools from the compartment when it suddenly became pitch dark. She was looking at the flat tire — “. . . to see if it was *really* flat.”

He said, “Will you show the light here, please?”

She said, “Yes.”

He started to turn the nut which secures the spare tire — the light was gone again. She was using it to search the interior of the car to see if the children were still asleep. “I need the light to get this tire out.” He said.

She said, “Oh.”

Eventually the tire was leaning against the car and the bumper jack

was half assembled — the light darted to the bushes at the side of the road. “What's the matter? I *need* the light.”

She said, “I thought I heard something.”

The light was directly in his eyes as the jack was placed; it remained there until the car had been jacked up. He almost managed to get the screwdriver under the hub cap before the light went off to investigate the reflection from an empty beer can. “I NEED the light.”

She said “Uh?”

The cap came off. Luckily there were only five nuts holding the wheel on. The beam of the flashlight played a sort of toneless tune around the country side; a kind of futile fugue which reached a crescendo when the repeated lyrics boomed, “I NEED THE LIGHT, HERE!”

She said, “Yes, dear.”

Providentially the moon came out from behind its cloud and a long string of traffic furnished some auxiliary lighting. He was sweating profusely as he strained to make use of every bit of this unexpected light. The job was finished — they were ready to roll. Wearily and wetly he climbed behind the wheel and said, “Come on, let's go.”

She said, “OH! Are you finished already? My, that was quick and easy.”

PREMATURE

By Merle Boyes

“Oh no!” yelled the doctor, throwing up his hands in dismay, “It isn't due for three more months!”

As stone — silent figures observed the procedure, the doctor stood by helplessly and watched as two feet appeared, then the legs, the body, and finally the head. The naked body was now ready for clothes.

As the Santa Claus suit slid over the mannequin's head, *Doctor* and Mrs. Zimmerman turned and walked slowly to the next store to watch another window being decorated for Christmas.

TRUE STORY

Time: A half hour before Church.
Place: Terrace Drive and Camden.
Two dateless upper-class girls were looking up toward Terrace Villa as a stream of boys (with dates at their sides) came down the hill.

Old man (in cracked voice): “What have those girls got that you two haven't?”

Reba: “Freshmen!”

TRUE STORY

Dennis: “He was a philanthropist.”
Art: “Philanthropist? What's that, a woman hater?”

Dennis: “No. Break it down: Philo means love, and anthropos means man . . .”

Art: “OH! oh, then it means lover of man. Then what is a lover of woman?”

By-stander: “Man!”

* * *

In speech class not long ago after deep-breathing exercises, Mr. Meredith had everyone beat on his chest. Immediately Mr. Portune, Mr. Hampton, and Mr. Hammer began to pound profusely upon their abdominal regions. Seems like chests have fallen. Could this be the “fall” of man?

* * *

Kathryn Meredith — “I knew Ambassador College was different when one day at the dinner table I heard a girl talking about lifting weights.”

CRITICAL CONCEPT

Selected

"Johnny, what did you learn in Sunday School today?"

"Well, the teacher told us about Israel leaving the sinful, corrupt, abominable country of Egypt."

"Please tell me all about it," she said.

"Well, it happened this way, Moses their leader decided that they had spent enough of their muscle power on these Egyptians. So, with all the people of Israel, he rose up in rebellion and departed.

"After traveling some distance they came face to face with the Red Sea. Moses called the Infantry forth to build a pontoon. Upon arrival at the other side they camped for the night.

"Back in Egypt, Pharaoh decided to retrieve the Israelites and coerce them to former duties.

"Immediately he gathered his army, airforce, and navy and went forth. When Moses saw him coming, he had the pontoon burned. Pharaoh then built barges to cross.

"Just before reaching the other side, Moses sent up the Airforce and obliterated every last man."

"Now Johnny! Is that what the teacher told you?"

"Nah, but you wouldn't have believed it the way she told it anyway."

INTRIGUE

By Ray Dick

With trembling hands, the young lady dug through her purse. It must be there somewhere! Finally — success. She showed the officer her credentials. A curt nod from the man and she was allowed to go.

When she reached the next bus terminal, she was again asked to prove her identity. With only slight nervousness, and a glitter in her dark eyes, she again produced her credentials.

At the third terminal the same thing happened. With a toss of her dark hair, a glint in her dark eyes, and maybe a stamp of her foot, she handed over her identification. The officer thanked her and proceeded to demand the same from a group of Mexicans.

Can you imagine our own Letha May being mistaken for a "wet-back?" Maybe there is a shortage of vitamin A among our police officers. At any rate, Letha, we are glad you are here. We certainly don't want you locked up in some border-town-jail!

DANCE

TO BEGIN DANCES

(at least for year of '58-'59)

At last, A DANCE!

Girls, you don't have to drag out formals. Fellows, you needn't buy corsages. This is to be a "Dressy-Sport" dance which means the fellows wear either sports coats or suits and the girl wear nice dresses.

At intermission time there are to be some dance exhibitions to show you how beautiful and graceful dancing can be when done properly.

We've tried to plan this dance to suit everyone, so, COME ONE. COME ALL. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this first dance of the year.

Let's all have a BALL! *Tonite's the nite!!!!*

If you don't enjoy this dance, it will be because you aren't there!

* * * *

AMBASSADOR HALL DUTIES

LaVonne Tangen

Kay Ferguson

Peggy Bramhall

Arthur Kirishian

Carniff Catherwood

Dear Mr. Armstrong:

A roar PHOOMS out the door of the Mailing Room! It's the roar of laughter exuding from the depths of the expanse beyond.

The people who write letters to the famous Box 111, Pasadena, California, often unwittingly, write things we have to laugh at. I hope they wouldn't be angry if they knew they were responsible for giving us a laugh once in a while. Here are some of them:

"Mr. Armstrong . . . you used to send me 'The Watchtower Magazine' I would still love to get them."

"I would like you to send me the truth about the Sabbath. I have some relations who went into the Seventh Day Adventist Church and I would like to show them that the *first* day is the Sabbath in this dispensation of Grace." (Sabbath and Time Lost were sent)

"I would like to get the book 'It's No Sin To Smoke.'" (Camels?)

"Between your kind and mine we will be able to abolish religion."

". . . It seems like none of my clothes ever fit, especially the most expensive ones, and more especially my *shoes*. It seems like my feet are always in agony. (my feet just don't seem to be made for shoes)" "P.S. I am a Christian Scientist."

NEWS FROM LONDON

By Molly Hammer

By way of the grapevine (Mrs. E. L. Martin, to be exact) comes this information:

The feast in London this year was a very successful one. There were about 61 present — perhaps a few more the Last Great Day. Some people who came quite a distance included Mr. Peterson from Sweden, Miss Bladau from the Chicago Church (she is visiting her family in Germany), and two American servicemen stationed in Germany.

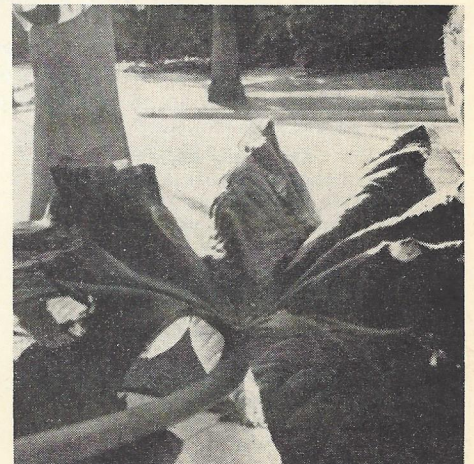
Also, Mrs. Helen Martin mentioned they had four families now in Bristol (about 200 miles West of London) who attended the feast. This means that Mr. McNair can perhaps start a Bible study in Bristol soon.

One of the men in the London Church, Mr. Basil Matthews, is England's leading artist in Ceramics. From Mr. Longuskie I heard *he designed the Queen's anniversary gift*. God does call a few men that are known by the world.

Now that we have heard some of the news from London, perhaps you would like to give London some of our news. If you would, check with the Switchboard or Mr. Cole's office for the address. Let's show how we miss them by writing a few letters. A letter can mean an awful lot!

MUSIC APPRECIATION

Zeke sat thoughtfully chewing the stem of his corn-cob pipe as the orchestra played a particularly brassy instrumental. Occasionally he would lean forward, eye the trombone player over the top of his store-bought glasses, then lean back with a smile that would make the pipe bob up. Finally, he turned around and said in a loud drawl, "It's a trick folks. He ain't really swallerin' that thing!"



WALKER—HOPKINS PRODUCTIONS

ANSWER — RICE PLANT AT MANOR DEL MAR.